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Student Newspapers (UP 4.15)

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Roundup

Student Body of Boise Junior College

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THE ENGINEERS' CLUB TAKES FIRST PRIZE

First prize was awarded to the Engineers' club last Friday night, stunt night of homecoming week-end for the best skit, entitled "Present European Situation."

Kathleen Ash was selected as the most beautiful "natural" girl and Ora Wildman was awarded a prize for the best beard.

Those taking part in the Engineers' stunt included Lyle Briggs, Charles Crowe, Dick Maule, Bill Ritchley, Tom Wilson, Ralph Frazier, Alan Campbell, Ivar Holliday and Betty Buck.

The discovery of an artificial heart, shown in a skit entitled "Springtime," was presented by the Pre-Medic club. The Associated Women enacted the "Three Little Fishes." The Valkyries presented their versions of "Football—Valkyrie Style," written by Bettina Kroeger.

Eight members of the Knights presented "Tonight's the Night," by John Cook, a dramatization of changing from old to young, from ugly to handsome and to most anything one desired.

"Sadie Hawkins Day," by Willie Anderson, took the spotlight while the "B" Cubes enacted the original skit. Thirteen members of the junior college faculty presented the "Humane Organ," directed by Miss Rosamond Salisbury. The alumnus of B. J. C. gave a reading by George Taylor, president of the association. The entire Forensic club presented "What Price Sanity," a "sample" of their club meetings.

B. J. C. STUDENT HURT

Jack Harris, B. J. C. freshman, was reported recovering from injuries received in an accident November 1.

Harris and other students were adding their bit to the general confusion of the homecoming celebration when Jack ran into the street and was struck by a car.

He suffered the loss of four front teeth and a concussion of the brain.

Jack is at St. Luke's hospital and is now able to receive visitors.

College Symphony Plans Being Completed

Plans are being made for a very fine college symphony this year. It is believed that there will be a complete instrumentation. Mr. James L. Strachan, director, hopes everyone who plays an instrument will enter.

Much fine new music has been purchased for the orchestra, among which is "King Stephan Overture" and "Second Symphony" by Beethoven, "Petit Suite" by Debussy and "Titus Overture" by Mozart.

If possible, a pep band will be organized. Definite plans will be announced later. Instrumental ensembles will be under direction of Miss Rosamond Salisbury.

The first orchestra meeting will be called on Tuesday or Wednesday, at which a rehearsal time will be set suitable for everyone. BE SURE TO WATCH BULLETIN BOARD FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Henry Warwick: Say, Pa, what are preferred creditors?

Pa: The ones who don't call too often, son.

Caldwell Beats Broncs After Tough Battle

B. J. C. turned in one of their best played games this season when the football team held the heavily favored Caldwell College of Idaho Coyotes to a one touch-down margin in the game at Hayman field, October 27. Final score was 13 to 20.

The Broncs turned on a stampede at the opening whistle that took the C. of I. boys by surprise and had a 13 to 0 lead on them by the middle of the second quarter.

The first score came in the opening quarter following a blocked Coyote punt by "Pop" Curtis and a penalty on Caldwell which put the ball on the C. of I. 21 yard line. Harter went through a nicely opened hole over tackle and cut back away from the defensive backs who were blocked hard by his interference. Rose, Dudley and Regan, and scored standing up. Curtis booted the pigskin squarely between the uprights for the extra point.

The next goal was made shortly after the second quarter began. It was the fourth down and eight yards to go on the Coyotes' 18 yard line. Dudley called for a pass which Rose very beautifully laid into Peterson's hands over the goal line for a touchdown. On the extra point kick, the ball hit the crossbar and bounced back for no tally. This placed the Broncs out in front, 13 to 0.

Just before the half ended, Bennett returned a punt behind very good interference 55 yards for a touchdown. The kick was good. The half ended 13 to 7.

In the third quarter C. of I. scored again. "Pop" Curtis broke through and blocked the kick. The score remained 13 to 13 until, with only a minute and 40 seconds left to play, the Coyotes finally pushed another touchdown across. The kick for point was good, making the final score 20 to 13.

B Cube Dance Queen

Any girl selling the most doughnuts for the doughnut drive will be queen for the "B" Cube dance, November 18. The "B" Cubes are sponsoring a doughnut drive October 30 to raise enough money for social functions. Every girl is supposed to get orders for 20 dozen doughnuts. Connie Herzinger is chairman of this project, with Betty Lou Thamm, Bernice Heisner, Joyce Rowell, Elinore Eakin, Rosemary Reed, Marie Betebenner, Mary Clark and Doris Roberts assistants. All orders were supposed to have been turned in by Thursday noon, and Sunday afternoon the committee will sack the doughnuts. All girls are responsible for delivering their own doughnuts Monday, unless they have been otherwise told. There will be girls at Albertson's all day Monday (where the doughnuts will be made) to receive the money collected for the doughnuts. The doughnuts will be ready to deliver Monday. Girls may come any time to make deliveries, and will bring back the money to Albertson's the same day. All orders must be delivered Monday.

If you have not made an order for doughnuts, buy them at Albertson's Monday, and don't forget to say that you're getting them from the "B" Cubes.

"B" Cubes will began to work on their club room as soon as the girls bring their 10 cents to Joyce Rowell.

Valkyries Honor Freshmen at Tea

Golden autumn was the decoration theme of the annual Boise Junior College tea for freshman women given by the Valkyries at the junior college Tuesday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Winona Ellis and Emma Jane Heisner were chairmen. They were assisted by Elise Smith, Helen Marr Archibald and Dolly Bates.

Pouring were Mrs. Roland M. Power, Mrs. Clark Hatch and Miss Dale Whittemore. Women faculty members and President and Mrs. Eugene Chaffee were special guests. Music for the tea was furnished by a string trio composed of Betty Jean Qualey, Carmelita Leonardson and Jackie Mitchell.

Betty Taylor Will Be B-Cube Donut Queen

Miss Betty Taylor will be crowned "B" Cube "donut" queen of Boise Junior College at an informal dance November 17, it was announced today.

Miss Taylor won this honor by selling 61 dozen doughnuts in a recent doughnut contest sponsored by the "B" Cubes to raise money for the annual football banquet given by this freshman women's organization.

Doris Roberts ran a close second, selling 57 dozen doughnuts, said Connie Herzinger, general chairman of the drive. Included in the first 10 who sold the most doughnuts are: June Byer, Betty Lou Thamm, Joyce Rowell, Barbara Bilderback, Eleanor Vogel, Marie Betebenner, Dorothy Montgomery and Lois Malnati.

The "B" Cubes had their election of officers September 26, electing Dorothy Kroeger, president; Mary Erter, vice-president; Jane Schooler, secretary, and Harriet Westfall, treasurer. Miss Rosamond Salisbury, adviser of the club, and Miss Kroeger announced that immediate plans for the future would begin soon. The committee assigned to begin future plans are Barbara Bilderback, chairman; Ellen Varkas, Helen Caine, Joyce Rowell and Doris Roberts.

Registrar Reports

So far this year 13 students have quit school.

Part-time students, Madeline Villeneuve, Ted Alexander and Bob Sinidt, left to take full-time jobs. Others quitting to go to work are James Anderson, Charles Chore, John Daniels, Jim Blackwell, Darrell Jolly and Bob Gill.

Two were forced to leave because of illness in their family. They are Clifton Quinn and Albert Elkins. Dick Mendenhall withdrew last week to join the marines.

Only one student has left school to get married, Vivien Gordon.

New Football Yell

"Well alright, fight!" And B. J. C.'s new football yell, written by Dee Anderson, swelled the sides of the gymnasium at the weekly assembly, Wednesday, October 18. Led by Bill Stevens and Joe Gough, yell leaders, the yell was introduced to the student body. It seemed to take well with the fans and will be put to use for the first time at tonight's football game with Caldwell.

Boise To Vote on B. J. C. Bond Issue November 14

New Pre-Medic Club Begun: Officers Elected

Bob Monk was elected president of B. J. C.'s new Pre-Medic club at their first meeting held Friday, October 20. Other officers elected were: Ervin Talboy, vice-president, and Joyce Rowell, secretary-treasurer.

The constitution was adopted. The club's purpose is to further the interest in medicine and all related sciences among the students of the college.

Charter members are: Bob Monk, Ray Fetterman, Harold Allender, Gayl Hoover, Ervin Talboy, Inez Soucie, Bob Davidson, Alan Hugo, Della Mays, Ione McQueen, Dorothy Kroeger, Jeanne Steel and Joyce Rowell.

The club will hold its meetings on the first and third Mondays of each month.

B-CUBES' 'HEN-HOP' SCHEDULED NOV. 17

Girls of Boise Junior College and their dates will dance at the "Hen-Hop," B-Cubes' sports dance, November 17, in the Elk's hall from 9 to 12 o'clock. Girls will issue all invitations to this affair.

Highlight of the evening will be the crowning of Betty Taylor as B-Cube queen. She will be awarded this honor for having sold the most do-nuts in the recent drive sponsored by the club. Proceeds of the sale will go for the football banquet, which the freshman girls will sponsor.

Marjorie Ann Brunger and Julia Uberauga will be co-chairmen. Decorations committee will be headed by Rita Weber, assisted by Emma Lucy Atkison, Anna Margaret Sellars, Elinor Eakin, Barbara Green, Betty Lough, Mary Martin, Alice Power and Ruth Funkner.

The orchestra will be chosen by Jane Schooler, Betty Thamm and Virginia Peterson. Marion McDonald will have charge of all publicity. She will be assisted by Betty Taylor, Frances Matthews, Dorothy Martin, Bernice Heisner and Rachel Branson. Patrons and patronesses will be chosen by Lois Malnati, chairman; Kathleen Ash, Dorothy Barbour, Jackie Calhoun and Jane Harris; tickets, Kathleen Goul, chairman; Nancy Fairchild, Laura Reynolds, Dorothy Montgomery, Petty Patterson, Jane Schwertley, Harriet Thomas, Dorothy Thompson, Harriet Westfall and Betty Reddock.

Gill Homeward Bound

Boise Junior College has lost another valuable football man. Bob Gill has left for Chicago, where he intends to study for six months. Then he has a job waiting for him in South America.

No wonder the coach has a worried look on his face. Bob alternated at quarterback on the team. He was a good blocker and tackler and quarterback is a hard position to fill this late in the season.

With the Lewiston game at his front door the coach is going to have a little difficulty in breaking in a new man. However, Gene Chester, who has been alternating at fullback, will be shifted to the blocking position. Gene is fast and a good blocker and will no doubt plug the hole with a great deal of success.

Old Airport Site Ideal Location

The Episcopal church property in use since the establishment of the college will not be available after this year. It is needed by St. Luke's hospital for use in connection with their nurses' training school. The junior college was allowed the use of the buildings this year with the very strict understanding that the property would be returned to the hospital at the end of the present college year.

In any event, the present building is entirely inadequate for the junior college. These buildings were erected for the purpose of housing 80 to 85 students. There are now approximately 420 students enrolled in the junior college this year and the extremely crowded conditions make proper classroom instruction very difficult.

Old Airport Site

The old airport site is an ideal location for the junior college from all the standpoints by which junior college sites are measured. This site has been donated to the junior college district by the city of Boise on condition that the ground be used for junior college purpose and that an adequate junior college building be erected.

The junior college board, in consultation with the architects, Tourtellotte & Hummel, have arrived at the minimum cost of \$280,000 for the erection of adequate buildings. The architects are studying various plans to work out the best plan and arrangement to get the maximum classroom space possible for this amount.

The levy required to retire a bond issue of this size will vary in accordance with the interest rate at which the bonds are sold. In any event, the maximum levy will not exceed one mill. The average assessed value of homes in Boise City is less than \$1000. This means that the average home owner's assessment will be less than \$1 per year for a period of 20 years.

Enrollment Doubled

The junior college has had phenomenal growth since its beginning in 1931. Whereas only about 32 per cent of Boise high school graduates have been attending any institution of higher learning, the new junior college facilities will make it possible for this average to be raised to a point comparable with other cities where higher educational facilities are available. It is anticipated that there will be from 50 to 80 per cent more graduates of high schools in this vicinity getting higher educational training than heretofore. The fact that the junior college enrollment this year has approximately doubled is evidence of this trend.

The bond election will be held on Tuesday, November 14. Resident owners of real property in the district, or the husband or wife of an owner of real property are qualified to vote. A two-thirds majority is necessary to carry the bond election.

A student committee at the junior college has been appointed to help in the election. All students are asked to be sure and see that their parents vote favorably in this election providing that they are qualified as owners of real property.

THE ROUNDUP

Bettina Kroeger.....Editor and Publisher
 Ernest Retzlaff.....Business Manager
 Bill Martin.....Advertising Manager
 Eleanor Ray.....Managing Editor
 Bernice Heisner.....Asst. Business Manager
 John Templeton.....Associate Editor
 Marion McDonald.....News Editor
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 Dorothy Kroeger.....Art Editor
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 Dwight E. Mitchell.....Faculty Adviser

Saturday Is Armistice Day

Twenty-one years ago tomorrow an Armistice was signed concluding the "war to end war." Yet, we see now in 1939 many of the nations of the world at war. It is apparent that the "war to end war" did not accomplish its purpose. It did not "make the world safe for democracy." It merely bored holes in our civilization, stuffed these holes with hate, jealousy and envy and lit the fuse which has burned until it exploded in Europe a few months ago. We can only hope that this explosion will not reach our shores.

Meanwhile, rather than looking back at the terrible blunders of the past, we must look forward and think how we can do better. If the United States goes into another war, we will have to help fight it. At the end it will be our job to help establish a permanent peace and reconstruct the world along lines which will exclude hate, desire for revenge, and all other evils the last war left. Every year we celebrate Armistice day, the anniversary of the end of a war. Let's hope we never find it necessary to celebrate two Armistice days.

Why Go to College?

Why did you come to college? Did you come to learn how to make a living? That is the reason which brought many students. They desire subjects in which they can see practical value; subjects which will help them when they are doctors, lawyers, business men, stenographers or whatever may be their chosen profession.

There used to be a type of student who came to college to gain cultural growth, to seek truth and collect knowledge for the sheer enjoyment he got out of it. Those students didn't accept statements from teachers and textbooks blindly. Their minds demanded proof. They asked the question "why?" and sought the answer. There may be a few of this type left and they aren't the majority.

The point is, here we have two separate ideals of education, the vocationalist and the humanist, respectively. Which type you belong to is undoubtedly for you to decide.

B.J.C. Has Many Problems

B.J.C. is confronted with the same problem which bothers any expanding institution, the problem of room. The problem is handled very well under the circumstances, but the fact remains that we are crowded. The gym is the only room in the college which will seat much more than ninety students. It must, aside from its regular duties, serve as an auditorium. Since it was not built for an auditorium, the acoustics are bad.

Another problem is the one of traffic in the halls and going in and out of the doors. There is always, of necessity, one way traffic. The back door to the main building is inevitably the scene of a traffic jam between classes.

We have no large lecture hall. Some of the classrooms are rather inadequate. Taken all in all, we can well be proud of how smoothly things run under these conditions, which, though not bad, could be improved upon.

The Worm Has Turned

Practically every editorial seems to be composed of complaints and objections of one kind or another. There are always rules to be reminded of, errors to be corrected and improvements to be made. Where are they placed? Why the editorial column, always the editorial column.

However, as the writer can think of nothing to complain of, this editorial, for a radical change, shall be complimentary and it shall be about that age-old subject of school spirit.

School spirit—yes, for the first time in many years the walls of B. J. C. have been laid flat with its swelling. Our assemblies are well attended and enjoyed. A real rooting section backs our football team. The true school spirit is everywhere. There isn't a person in the school who hasn't felt it. So, to coin a cliché, let's keep up the good work.

Boise Junior College And Narrow Halls

During the first days of school when all of us were trying to squeeze through the same narrow passage at the same time, some of the Freshmen and other newcomers to the college wondered why anyone would build such small halls in a school of this size. Boise Junior College hasn't always been this size. As a matter of fact these buildings weren't made to house the junior college.

The main building, St. Margaret's hall, was built in 1892, to be used as a girls' boarding school. The offices on the second floor

which our instructors now uncomfortably occupy were formerly bedrooms for the girl students. That explains the reason for such a small hall.

The one-story building of classrooms is named Buchan hall. The chemistry lecture and laboratory rooms were known as Trinity hall.

In 1932, Boise citizens raised funds to build the Talbot gymnasium. It was named for Ethelbert Talbot, who founded St. Margaret's school. With the building of this gymnasium, the Boise Junior College was started. That was eight years ago. This year marks the beginning of a new era in its life and, judging from the enrollment and enthusiasm, a brilliant one.

Gushes at Teas Fully Described

By DON BERGQUIST

You have probably gone to many afternoon teas and met many interesting people, but the most interesting is the gusher. When you meet a gusher and start a conversation with her, her attention is directed towards something else all the while; perhaps on her neighbor's dress, perhaps on the reflection of her pretty face, but never on the conversation.

You do not know she is a gusher, but her first remark labels her.

You say, "I have seven children."

"Oh, how marvelous! How old are they?" She scans the dress of the woman who has just entered the room.

"They're all of them six."

"Oh, how dee-lightful! Just the right age to be companions."

"Yes, all but one."

A sympathetic voice says, as the eyes wander to another dress, "Oh, what a pi-i-ty!"

"Yes, isn't it! But he's quite healthy."

"Healthy, you say? It's perfectly lovely to be healthy. Do you live in the country?"

"Not exactly the country. We live in New York, in Madison Square, under the trees. We have all the advantages of the city and the delights of the country. The children bathe in the fountain every day when the weather is cold enough."

"Oh, how charming! How many children have you?"

"Only five. The oldest is six and the youngest is nine."

"Oh! how cute."

"Yes, indeed. My oldest, (he's 14 and quite original), says that when he grows up he's going to get married."

Really! How cute! How old did you say he was?"

"Just 17, but as masculine as you or I."

She nods her head and murmurs in a sympathetic way, "That's an adorable age. Did you say it was a girl?"

"Yes, his name's Gwendolyn. He's a great help to her mother."

"Little darling. Where did you say you were?"

"On the Jersey coast. You see having only the one child, Mrs. Schnicklepussey is very anxious that it should grow up healthy. He plays with a sailor's kid and gets great drafts of fresh air."

"Oh, you're quite a poet!"

"No, I'm a painter." (Now she is really attentive.)

"Oh, do you paint? How perfectly adorable! Do you ever allow visitors in your studio?"

"No, I'm afraid it would bore them so I never ask them."

"Oh, how could anyone be bored at anything?"

"Oh, your enthusiasm is very great. My studio is on top of the Empire State tower and I never see a soul."

"Oh, then you're not married."

"Heavens no!"

"So you're a bachelor?"

"Yes, but I have my wife for a chaperone and I'd be delighted to have you come and take tea with us some Saturday from six until three."

"Perfectly delighted!"

"Hope you don't mind. We serve beer at our teas with sugar and lemon."

"Oh, I think it's much better than cream."

"You're glad you met me, I'm sure."

"Awfully glad! Good of you to say so though."

Anything goes at an afternoon tea. But it's better not to go.

If you want to forget all your troubles, wear a pair of tight shoes.

B.J.C. Poets Shine

By OAKS HOOVER

I count my virtues by the score,
 On angel's wing I try to soar.
 But fall to only find instead,
 That I have horns upon my head.

The Captain's Daughter

The Captain's daughter smiles so sweet

Whenever on the street we meet.
 And smiling, yet I know that she
 Will give no more than that to me.
 Until in some far distant day
 I shall get a Captain's pay.

Rennie's Roundup Of Fashion News

For the really conservative girl, bustles, especially in formals, aren't recommended. And if you're slightly on the hefty side it doesn't make any difference whether you're conservative or not—they're still out.

If you're lucky enough to get a chubby this winter, please, before you make your final choice, summon your very best taste, because a brownette absolutely does not look her prettiest in grey. Leave greys for undeniable brunettes or the vivid redheads.

These jet-haired cuties, on the other hand, don't look their dandiest when they go in for glossy blacks. Red fox was just made for redheads. Leopard skin looks its best on blondes.

So, no matter what your type is, there is some particular kind of fur suited to you. Don't worry about that, just worry about finding it.

B. J. C. STUDENT MEETS BUNYAN

The Meeting of Paul Bunyan

By ALLEN CAMPBELL

It was a cold, rainy, disagreeable day as I was sitting on a log placed just inside of my tent. I was cleaning my moose gun. Now this gun is a special kind of gun that I had made in Dawson City last spring. It consisted of a barrel that was three inches in diameter. The stock was made of a special kind of wood called spring wood.

It was used to take out some of the 3200 pounds of recoil that was generated each time the gun was fired. This special wood was porous and had the ability to collapse like modern sponge rubber does today. As a result, there was only a blow of some 250 pounds delivered to my shoulder. The cleaning rag that I was using was an old winter coat that I had worn the winter before. This was tied on to one-fourth inch steel cable.

"Help, help," came a voice from across the river.

"Hello," I answered, "What is the matter?"

"I am stuck in some mud. I need some help."

"Coming," I answered, as I jumped into the river and started to swim, moving at the rate of 25 feet to the stroke. After about 30 minutes of fast swimming, I reached the other shore. About 50 gallons of water ran out of my clothing as I stood on the bank.

I raised my head and let a roar out of my vocal cords that shook the timber for miles around; in fact, my dear readers, I shook down 30 acres of timber that immediately surrounded me.

"Hello," I asked, "Where are you?"

"Just a little to your left," came the reply.

After tramping for some hour and 30 minutes, I came up to a very large man. There he was, down in the mud to the waist, and yet there was some 20 feet that was still out of the mud.

I was so amazed that I just stood

still and looked. Finally I asked the man his name.

"My name," he bellowed out, "is Paul Bunyan."

"Paul Bunyan!" I said

"Yea, Paul Bunyan, but it won't be long if you don't get me out of this place."

"Well, what shall I do?"

"If you unload my pack, I think I can make it out of this place."

I felled a hundred foot tree across the mud so that I wouldn't get stuck myself. After limbing the tree, I started to unload his pack. I could only carry 600 pounds. I carried a load every 15 minutes. I worked steadily for eight days with Sunday off, to unload this man. At the end of the eighth day, he was pretty well unloaded, except for a few odds and ends, such as a 40-horsepower steam engine, 24-foot circular saw, belts, pulleys, bearings and wheels.

"I kind-a think I can get out of here now."

I stood back at a reasonable safe distance of one mile and a half. Paul grasped the tree with his large arm and pulled himself up on the log. Then he walked out to safety on dry ground. Picking up the things that I had taken out of his pack, he started off in the direction of the river.

After running for a few minutes, I finally caught up with Paul. Being completely out of breath, I talked in a rather uneven tone of voice.

"Now, Paul, what on earth are you going to do with all this junk?"

"Well, now young feller, I am moving my sawmill to new grounds."

"Where do you intend to go?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, Paul, this is my land. How about logging it?"

"Pretty good trees, even if I do say so myself. Hum, hum-m-m-m. O. K., Bud."

So that was the beginning of Olsen Bunyan sawmill. I, Ole Olsen was the foreman.

As the smoke from the little campfire curled lazily over the dark pine trees and the owls put out their mournful cry, Paul Bunyan stretched his mighty limbs, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the early morning sun. What a beautiful day for starting on the most magnificent sawmill in the world.

As he put on his breeches, shoes and the rest of his paraphernalia, he asked me if I had any ideas on lumbering. I confessed that I didn't have any but I told him that such a mighty man as he ought to be able to figure out in a few months' time how to build, run and manage a sawmill.

"Not changing the subject any," I said to Paul, "but why did you hang that rope in the tree last night?"

"You mean that rope hanging from that 100-foot pine tree over there?"

I nodded my head.

He answered, "Look to the east."

I put my hand to my eyes and gazed just before the rising sun and there I saw a very large blue mountain.

"What connection does that blue mountain have with the rope?"

"Look and you shall be very much surprised."

So I put my hand back to my head as Paul whistled. The mountain began to move. It kept coming closer and closer until it began to form the outline of a huge cow.

It was a huge bull ox. A magnificent specimen of muscle and brawn. Making a rough judgment I would say that he was 16 ax handles between the ears and roughly 75 to 100 feet tall. I rubbed my eyes in bewilderment. I was so amazed that all I could do was stand and gaze.

"My gosh, man, what do you feed him?" I asked.

"That happens to be the prob-

BEEBE PROVES TO BE VERY GENIAL

By HELEN GARBY

"Must I talk about myself when there are so many more interesting things in the world?" smiled genial Dr. William Beebe, a scientist who loves detective stores, tennis and music. "People are always asking me what my greatest thrill was, but I can't answer them because I don't know. I'm not out for thrills but for scientific discovery or to solve some problem."

"I have written a great many books, but since I never read them I wouldn't know which is the most interesting. I wish somebody would define the word interesting. It's such a worn out word. There are 10,000 ways a book can be interesting."

The lanky doctor was very anxious to hear all about the junior college. Its setup was new to him, but after hearing about it he thought it a great idea, because when the student won't spend his entire college life in one place but can move on and get a different perspective.

After having been in the jungles and out of the way places, Dr. Beebe is always glad to get back to cities again. He loves to be able to hear good music and go to the theatre, where he has many friends. He thinks the dramatic side of his life appeals to the actors and actresses. The doctor has many friends in Hollywood, among them Grant Mitchell, with whom he is going to visit soon.

"I like tennis very much, and I miss not being able to play when I am on my explorations. Golf is so slow, and of course I'm not old enough for that yet," he grinned. "Don't let anyone ever say that you're not intelligent if you read detective stories. I love them and have over 600 in my library. They are a great form of relaxation. After reading one I can tackle a scientific problem again with a fresh mind."

Having been born and raised around New York and New Jersey, Dr. Beebe is a true easterner, but he says that westerners aren't so different from them. He thinks the southerners with their slow manners and speech are the section of America that doesn't conform to the pattern. Nor does he agree with those who say the people in the south are slow and lazy because it is so warm there. Down in Cuba can be found one of the most energetic races of people on earth and it is rather hot down there.

When Dr. Beebe gets up to deliver a lecture he hasn't the faintest idea of what he is going to say next. He never prepares his lectures ahead of time. "I'm just so interested in my subject I don't have any trouble talking. Once I prepared a speech, and it didn't go off so well."

IT'S HERE!

The NEW ROYAL

FIRST AND ONLY PORTABLE WITH

MAGIC* MARGIN

...many other exclusive Royal MAGIC features.

Student Meets Bunyan

(Continued from Page 2)

lem," said Paul. "It takes roughly 40 acres of green feed a meal."

After meeting Paul Bunyan and Babe, the blue ox, I felt confident that anything could be accomplished.

Immediately after breakfast we started to work on the sawmill. First we built the buildings which covered 40 acres. In these buildings we put all the machinery that Paul had carried on his back. After 36 hours of solid labor, the Olsen-Bunyan sawmill was ready for operation. We had no men and wondered what we were going to use for labor.

"What are we going to do?" I inquired.

Paul answered, "I'll stay and work the sawmill while you and Babe go for help."

Jumping astride this moving tornado, I headed for the Pacific coast. As I disappeared over the mountain, I informed Paul I would see him in a day or two. Upon arriving at the coast I asked for volunteers. One hundred thousand men responded. We proceeded to build a large sled and we returned to the camp immediately, for the sled we used was a small, old, discarded battleship. This was attached to Babe, and we proceeded to return to our beloved camp on Lemonade river just south of Whiskey Springs. We traveled at such a great speed that the sled came only in contact with the ground every mile and a half or so. We reached the camp at daybreak.

Paul asked if there was a cook in the crowd and luckily there was. His name was Sourdough Slim. Sourdough Slim started to prepare breakfast immediately while the rest of the crew fell to the task of building a dining hall, which consisted of 16 tables spaced the width of the salt and pepper wagons. These wagons we used to transport sugar, salt and pepper along the various tables.

By this time Sourdough had the fire started in the kitchen, and the smoke was beginning to rise off the hot cake griddle. Slabs of bacon were fastened to the feet of 20 men and they proceeded to skate over the hot cake griddle to grease it. The potato mixer started its mournful grind and incidentally the potato mixer was a discarded rock crusher. Derricks and cranes began to move around the kitchen, picking up pots, pans and kettles, taking egg shells to the dump yard. The four-track subway train from the vinegar and vegetable bins began its regular five-minute schedule. The kitchen was a mass of moving machines as the breakfast meal was being prepared.

But now the hot cake griddle was sufficiently greased to start production of Sourdough Slim's

masterpiece. This was accomplished by the use of a small wagon loaded with dough and drawn around over the hot cake griddle with a small hole in the bottom that let out sufficient dough at regular intervals. The griddle got so smoky that the wagon and horses often got lost. There was one man stationed on the side blowing a trumpet so the men could return safely to their destination.

"Hot cakes coming up," reported the foreman of the hot cake department.

"Bacon ready," came the report from the bacon department.

Sourdough Slim asked for a report on the coffee, but no answer.

"Who's in charge of the coffee?" Still no answer. So Sourdough sat down in the corner with his face in his hands, trying vainly to figure out a way to make sufficient coffee for 100,000 men. Jumping to his feet, he threw the complete resources of the kitchen into the construction of the coffee for the morning meal. A special train was run from the coffee bin with sacks of coffee that were put in troughs and gallons of boiling hot water was run from the huge water tanks. Tank wagons were backed up to the troughs and filled. They started down the rows of tables followed by the salt, sugar and pepper wagons. Following this procession came the piles and piles of hot cakes which was followed by the syrup wagon. At short intervals these wagons would stop, wheelbarrows would be loaded from the various wagons and then distributed among the tables.

The hungry men ate with great relish. The only noise to come from the dining hall was the clatter of knives and forks and pauses followed by a healthy burp.

Immediately the clatter of an eight-horse team was heard as it dashed around the turn, coming out of the kitchen. This was the toothpick wagon. A small blower projected from the side; as it passed the tables, it blew 24 toothpicks to the pile at varied intervals

along the tables. After the men picked up their toothpicks, there was a clamor as they rushed out of the dining hall to their beloved

work in the woods. That, my dear readers, is how breakfast was served at the largest sawmill in the world.

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BRONCS WILL BATTLE LEWISTON GRIDMEN

Boise Junior College Broncos left this morning by bus for Lewiston, where they will entangle with the Lewiston Normal College gridmen at 11 a. m. Saturday, to bid for another win in the B. J. C.'s last game of this season.

The team stopped in New Meadows for lunch this noon. They are now speeding toward Lewiston, where they will encamp for a night's rest before invading the gridiron.

Coach Harry Jacoby admits that chances for a win are slim because of the many injuries that mar the line-up.

Those making the trip are: Ed Brown, Roche Bush, Pop Curtis, Jimmie Byers, Jim Stover, Vern Darling, Doyle Baird, Walt Berry, Lew Saxton, Wayne Storey, John Pease, Ted McCutcheon, Woodie Peterson, Al Jossis, Lee Harter, Jim Shaw, Bob Rose, Darrel Parente, Orle Dudley, Gene Chester, John Regan, Jim Thrailkill, Jack Thorne, Herb Chaffee, Bill Wood, Warren Kromerei, Bob Holman and Jerry Doherty.

STUDENT BODY SWIM

The Student Body is invited to attend the swimming party held at the Y. M. C. A. tonight from 8 to 11. The party is sponsored by the Engineers and the fee is 25 cents per person. Swimming is not only good healthy exercise but a lot of fun too. It will also provide

U. of I. Dance Enjoyed

To the music of the University of Idaho dance band, alumni, students and friends danced last Saturday night at the Elks' ballroom. The dance, sponsored by the Idaho Alumni association, was given in honor of the Vandals. Dancing lasted from 9 to 12.

The hall was very cleverly and suitably decorated with large circular sketches of football heroes. These were flanked by streamers of colored crepe paper. Bright paper also covered the front of the orchestra stand.

Seen at the dance were—Jim Armstrong, escorting Margaret Bachelor, U. of I. co-ed; Doyle Baird, grinning broadly, dating Dorothy Montgomery; the Utah Wolves (football team) taking turns dancing with a couple of B. J. C. Valkyries; Buzz Mathews and Doris Roberts continuing a campus romance; Bettina Kroeger with Chuck Harland, U. of I. prize drummer; Jack McLeod and his date dancing cheek to cheek; Virginia Leach turning on the old charm; Dolly Bates escorted by Brad Baker, trumpet player in U. of I.'s Pep band; Pat Podoll and Ernie Retzlaff having a wonderful time.

recreation for those students who do not dance. So come on all, we'll see you splashing away your troubles, tonight at the "Y".

Someone should try to invent an automobile with one more connecting rod—that between horse power and horse sense.

DR. WILLIAM BEEBE LECTURE ENJOYED

"Alice in Wonderland" or any fairy tale has nothing on me. There isn't a dragon or sea serpent that I haven't seen or know a little about," stated Dr. William Beebe last Monday, November 6, at the high school auditorium on his talk on "Five Hundred Fathoms Down." He explored 10 years in the jungle of South America, and relates the following report from Castle Harbor in the east end of Bermuda.

"Bathysphere is the name of the carrier in which we descended to the bottom of the ocean. It weighed two and a half tons. It was originally painted white, but we changed it to ultra-violet to keep from frightening the fish.

"We commenced to descend one afternoon, when we were confronted with three hurricanes. This deferred our excursion for a week or 10 days. Thinned lead of white packing was used for windows and was put into shape by the potent pressure under water. I made up my mind to experiment first, as my friend made the windows, and I was a little dubious about them. Sure enough, the air was compressed to one-fifth of its normal pressure. The glass wasn't broken, but the water forced its way through white lead packing.

"Finally the day came when we were to begin this voyage. The two of us crawled through a 14-inch entrance, and were almost driven mad by the dreadful hammering of the bolts to tighten 'Bathysphere.' Every two minutes we were communicated by telephone in case anything went wrong. We had enough oxygen for eight hours, but three hours and 10 minutes was sufficient for us.

"Down we went, 1200 feet, 2200 feet, until we reached the limit, 3028 feet. When you go down to the surface of the sea, three things happen. After 800 feet you can't see; below 2200 feet there is absolute darkness. Temperature is the second element. It may be 85 degrees Fahrenheit when you start, but gets colder and colder, until in the deep, fresh, salt water, the temperature is below zero. Third, the pressure is terrific—20 tons.

"Painting is a queer thing in the bottom of the sea. After laying the brushes in their order, they came to the top. Lead was needed to anchor them to the bottom. The painting looked exactly as it was intended to, except that instead of a dull, dusty brown, scarlet was the effect on land.

"My first experience of a sea serpentine was quite exciting. It had a long, slender body, and was approximately 140 feet long. But when I came closer, I discovered it was only the Atlantic cable.

"There were many queer creatures on the way down, but inadequate light made it impossible to photograph further pictures after 60 feet. There were three-foot parrot fish, creatures brightly colored or jet black, and arrow worms that looked like arrows and even shot like arrows. Squids, big and little, averaging up to eight feet long, had long tentacles and were jet black. Some female species had a light above their tail, while the male had one below. This was probably an aid in finding each other. An iridescent mass of scales were found on some fish, while others had reflectors around their bodies. Other fish had teeth that were so enormous that they went through the skull.

"In another case we found the female that was three feet long and the male, two inches long, which attached himself to any part of the body. Another fish displayed an angling out (rod, line and hooks) with the arms lacking to prove that the fish got away.

"Next was the octopus that

threw out sepia ink. After the supply was exhausted, it had to wait for a week or more in order to manufacture more.

"Most of these fish, when hauled up in nets, were almost dried or dead. They were hurried to ice cold water to be preserved. Many of the fish were not seen alive, but their history was foretold by smaller dead fish of the same kind.

"After the fish were put in pans, they seemed to understand that they had been elevated to a higher level, and tried their hardest to descend to the ocean bottom.

"We didn't realize how cold and stiff we were until we got out. Many people have asked me if I didn't receive thrilling sensations, but I was too busy looking through the window in search of new fish."

After a most descriptive talk, Dr. Beebe concluded by presenting some vivid, interesting motion pictures to the audience.

Yell Leaders Try New Yells

B. J. C.'s yell leaders tried out a new system on the "Bronc Cheer" and "Yea Orange, Yea Blue" in last Wednesday's assembly in the gymnasium. It involves hesitating in certain parts of the yell to get more volume. Also several new yells were tried out. Three new yells have been selected for use at future games, of which one will be the "Boom Bah" yell.

"The pep and spirit of the student body is fine," said Bill Stevens, yell king, "but we'd like

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